

203 1st 100

THE SOUTHWESTERN'S BOOK



JANUARY 1909



Map of the B. & O. S-W. R. R.

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BIG CELEBRATION
One Hundredth Anniversary
 OF THE BIRTH OF
ABRAHAM LINCOLN
SPRINGFIELD, ILL.
FEBRUARY 12th, 1909

B. & O. S-W. THE MOST
POPULAR ROUTE

LOOK AT THE SCHEDULES

Leave	New York....	9 50 am	5 50 pm		
	Philadelphia ..	12 30 pm	8 31 pm		
	Baltimore	3 00 pm	11 05 pm		
	Washington...	4 05 pm	12 40 am		
Leave	Pittsburg.....	9 25 pm	9 00 am		
	Wheeling.....	11 45 pm	11 10 am		
	Zanesville	2 02 am	1 03 pm		
	Newark	2 55 am	1 55 pm		
	Columbus	3 55 am	2 45 pm		
Leave	Parkersburg ..	2 38 am	11 40 am		
	Chillicothe....	5 14 am	2 30 pm		
	Cincinnati	9 00 am	9 15 pm		
Leave	Louisville.....	8 10 am	11 20 pm		
	North Vernon..	10 58 am	11 48 pm		
	Washington....	1 23 pm	2 00 am		
	Vincennes	1 59 pm	2 43 am		
Leave	Shawneetown ..	7 00 am			
Leave	Carlyle	10 23 am	3 15 am		
	Odin.....	10 52 am	3 42 am		
Leave	Flora	3 50 pm	4 45 am		
	Altamont.....	4 54 pm	5 47 am		
	Pana	6 00 pm	6 50 am	8 50 am	2 00 pm
	Taylorville....	6 33 pm	7 23 am	9 32 am	2 34 pm
Arrive	Springfield....	7 30 pm	8 25 am	10 32 am	3 32 pm
Leave	Beardstown ..	5 55 pm	1 25 pm	5 15 am	
	Ashland.....	6 54 pm	2 24 pm	6 14 am	
Arrive	Springfield....	8 00 pm	3 25 pm	7 20 am	

Similar Train Service in opposite direction.

For information as to Fares, Tickets, Sleeping, Parlor Car and Dining Car Service, consult your nearest Ticket Agent, or address either of the representatives shown on map page of this Magazine.

O. P. McCARTY, General Passenger Agent, Cincinnati, Ohio.



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ANNUAL CONVENTION

LOUISVILLE, KY.

February 1st to 6th, 1909

Low Rates of Fare

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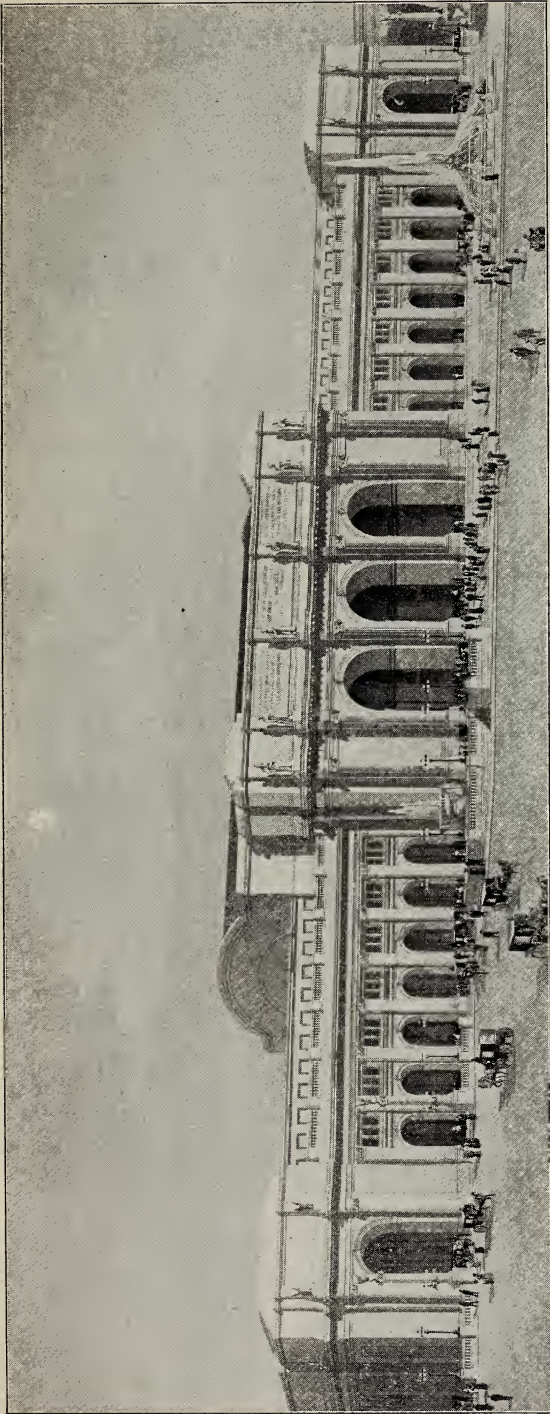
Leave	New York.....	9 50 am	5 50 pm	11 50 pm
"	Philadelphia.....	12 30 pm	8 31 pm	4 15 am
"	Baltimore.....	3 00 pm	11 05 pm	8 00 am
"	Washington.....	4 05 pm	12 40 am	9 10 am
"	Pittsburg.....	9 25 pm	9 00 am
"	Wheeling.....	11 45 pm	11 10 am
"	Columbus.....	3 55 am	2 45 pm	5 40 pm	7 20 am
"	Cincinnati.....	8 20 am	6 00 pm	2 30 am	2 00 pm
Arrive	Louisville.....	11 50 am	9 35 pm	7 20 am	5 45 pm
Leave	St. Louis.....	9 28 pm	1 45 am	9 00 am	12 00 noon
"	Springfield.....	8 00 pm	7 20 am
"	Vincennes.....	1 54 am	6 06 am	1 02 pm	3 20 pm
"	North Vernon.....	5 25 am	10 20 am	4 05 pm	6 30 pm
Arrive	Louisville.....	7 20 am	11 50 am	5 45 pm	8 30 pm

Similar Train Service in opposite direction.

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DIRECT ROUTE TO
WASHINGTON
 The National Capital
LOOK AT THE SCHEDULES!



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Coaches
Pullman Drawing
Room Sleepers

Company's own
Dining Car
Service on all
Trains

	No. 4 FAST MAIL	No. 2 ROYAL BLUE LIMITED	No. 12 METROPOLITAN EXPRESS
Leave ST. LOUIS	1.45 a. m.	9.00 a. m.	9.20 p. m.
" SPRINGFIELD	7.20 a. m.	8.00 p. m.
" LOUISVILLE	8.10 a. m.	2.10 p. m.	a 2.30 a. m.
" CINCINNATI	12.15 noon	6.35 p. m.	8.00 a. m.
Arrive WASHINGTON	6.30 a. m.	12.40 noon	2.37 a. m.

^a On Sundays leaves Louisville 1.15 a. m.

The Editor's Page

February 12th, 1909, this nation will celebrate the one hundredth anniversary of the birth of Abraham Lincoln. Civic and patriotic celebrations of the occasion are being arranged in nearly every State and prominent city in the Union, and special stress is being laid upon the Lincoln celebrations in the various schools throughout the United States. Certainly no higher ideal could be set before American school children of to-day than the life of Abraham Lincoln. While it might seem like advising a youth to "hitch his wagon to a star" to advise him to follow in the footsteps of Lincoln, yet, there is not a child in America who, if he starts upon the same path the "Great American" trod, will not find, that, if pursued, it will carry him far toward success.

After he became President of the United States, his step-mother said of him, "Abraham was the best boy I ever knew. He never disobeyed me, or gave me a cross word." Of how many boys in America could their own mothers truthfully make this statement today?

Then there was his unwavering honesty; his consideration of the rights of others; his lack of self-conceit; his generous spirit and ready forgiveness of injuries. Every boy can cultivate these traits, but how many do so? If every school in America included in its course, one year's study of the life of Lincoln, for every boy and every girl, even to the exclusion of some of the so-called higher branches, in a short time we would have better Americans, and better men and women.

The Lincoln celebration, in addition to honoring the memory of a great man, will have a good effect in calling attention to the sterling qualities which made him great.

"Massachusetts, claims his ancestry, Kentucky, claims his birth, Illinois, claims his home. The world owns his life." Kentucky will celebrate his birthday upon the soil where he first saw the light, but a greater celebration will be held in Springfield, Ills., where he made his home, where his children were born and buried, and where his own ashes are laid to rest. In his funeral oration over the dead Lincoln, Henry Ward Beecher made the following prophecy:

"Four years, ago, oh,
Illinois, we took from your midst an untried man from among the people. Behold! we return to you a mighty conqueror, not ours but the world's. Give him place, oh ye prairies. In the midst of this great continent his dust shall rest, a sacred treasure to the myriads who shall come as pilgrims to that shrine to kindle anew their zeal and patriotism. Humble child of the backwoods, boatman, hired laborer, clerk, surveyor, captain, legislator, lawyer, debater, politician, orator, statesman, president, savior of the Republic, true Christian, true man."

February 12th, will doubtless witness the fulfillment of this prophecy to an extent never heretofore realized. Not only our own nation, but the nations of Europe will send their honored men to the grave of Lincoln, to pay tribute to the illustrious dead, who filled in letter and spirit that description of a MAN:

"To be honest, to be kind—to earn a little and spend a little less, to make upon the whole a family happier for his presence, to renounce when that shall be necessary, and not to be embittered, to keep a few friends, but these without capitulation—above all, on the same grim conditions, to keep friends with himself—here is a task for all that a man has of fortitude and delicacy."

THE Southwestern's Book

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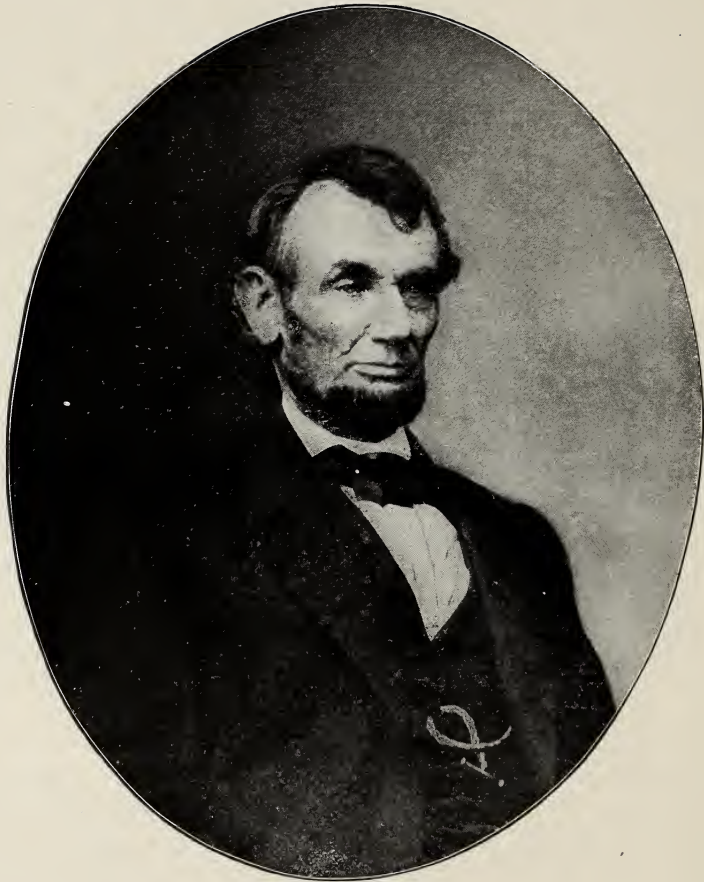
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H. F. BALDWIN, Editor,

THE SOUTHWESTERN'S BOOK

Central Union Station, Room 4, Cincinnati, Ohio.



ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

THE SOUTHWESTERN'S BOOK.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY THE
Passenger Department of the Baltimore & Ohio Southwestern Railroad.

H. F. BALDWIN, EDITOR.

VOL. VI.

CINCINNATI, O., JANUARY, 1909.

No. 1.

MY CAPTAIN.

Following is the lament penned by Walt. Whitman, after the assassination of President Lincoln. It is generally regarded as the finest thing ever written by Whitman.

*O Captain! my Captain! our fearful trip is done.
The ship has weathered every rock, the prize we sought is won.
The port is near, the bells I hear, the people all exulting,
While follow eyes the steady keel, the vessel grim and daring;
But O heart! heart! heart!*

*O the bleeding drops of red,
Where on the deck my Captain lies,
Fallen cold and dead.*

*O Captain! my Captain! rise up and hear the bells;
Rise up—for you the flag is hung—for you the bugle trills,
For you bouquets and ribboned wreaths—for you the shore acrowding,
For you they call, the swaying mass, their eager faces turning;
Here Captain! dear father!*

*This arm beneath your head!
It is some dream that on the deck
You've fallen cold and dead.*

*My Captain does not answer, his lips are pale and still,
My father does not feel my arm, he has no pulse nor will,
The ship is anchored safe and sound, its voyage closed and done,
From fearful trip the victor ship comes in with object won;
Exult O shores, and ring O bells!*

*But I, with mournful tread,
Walk the deck my Captain lies,
Fallen cold and dead.*

London Punch was particularly severe in its criticisms and cartoons on Mr. Lincoln, but upon his death his greatness and goodness were fully appreciated, as shown in the following extract from a poem written by Thomas Taylor, appearing in London Punch, May 6, 1865:

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.
(Fouly assassinated April 14, 1865.)

*YOU lay a wreath on murdered Lincoln's bier,
YOU who with mocking pencil wont to trace
Broad for the self-complacent British sneer,
His length of shambling limb, his furrowed face.*

*His gaunt, gnarled hands, his unkempt, bristling
hair,
His garb, uncouth, his bearing ill at ease,
His lack of all we prize as debonair,
Of power or will to shine, of art to please.*

*YOU, whose smart pen backed up the pencil's laugh,
Judging each step, as though the way were plain;
Reckless, so it could point its paragraph,
Of chief's perplexity, or people's pain.*

*Beside this corpse, that bears for winding sheet
The Stars and Stripes he lived to rear anew,
Between the mourners at his head and feet
Say, scurril jester, is there room for you?*

*So he grew up, a destined work to do,
And lived to do it; four long-suffering years'
Ill-fate, ill-feeling, ill-report, lived through,
And then he heard the hisses change to cheers.*

*The taunts to tribute, the abuse to praise,
And took both with the same unwavering mood;
'Till, as he came on light, from darkling days,
And seemed to touch the goal from where he stood.*

*A felon hand, between the goal and him,
Reached from behind his back, a trigger prest—
And those perplexed and patient eyes were dim,
Those gaunt, long, laboring limbs were laid to
rest.*

*The words of mercy were on his lips,
Forgiveness in his heart and on his pen,
When this vile murderer brought swift eclipse
To thoughts of peace on earth, good will to men.*

*The old world and the new, from sea to sea,
Utter one voice of sympathy and shame!
Sore heart, so stopped when it at last beat high;
Sad life, cut short just as its triumph came.*

In answer to which Alice Cary wrote the following:

*No glittering chaplet brought from other lands!
As in his life, this man, in death, is ours;
His own loved prairies o'er his "gaunt gnarled
hands"
Have filly drawn their sheet of summer flowers.*

*What need hath he now of a tardy crown,
His name from mocking jest and sneer to save?
When every ploughman turns his furrow down
As soft as though it fell upon his grave.*

*He was a man whose life like the world again
Shall never see, to vex with blame or praise;
The landmarks that attest his bright, brief reign
Are battles, not the poms of galadays!*

*The grandest leader of the grandest war
That ever time in history gave a place;
What were the tinsel flattery of a star
To such a breast! or what a ribbon's grace!*

*'Tis to the man and the man's honest worth,
The nation's loyalty in tears up-springs;
Through him the soil of labor shines henceforth
High o'er the silken 'broideries of kings.*

*The mechanism of external forms,
The shriefts that courtiers put their bodies
through,
Were alien ways to him—his brawny arms
Had other work than posturing to do!*

*Born of the people, well he knew to grasp
The wants and wishes of the weak and small;
Therefore we hold him with no shadowy clasp—
Therefore his name is household to us all.*

*Therefore we love him with a love apart
From any fawning love of pedigree—
His was the royal soul and mind and heart—
Not the poor outward shows of royalty.*

*Forgive us, then, O friends, if we are slow
To meet your recognition of his worth—
We're jealous of the very tears that flow
From eyes that ever loved a humble hearth.*



THE LINCOLN CENTENNIAL.

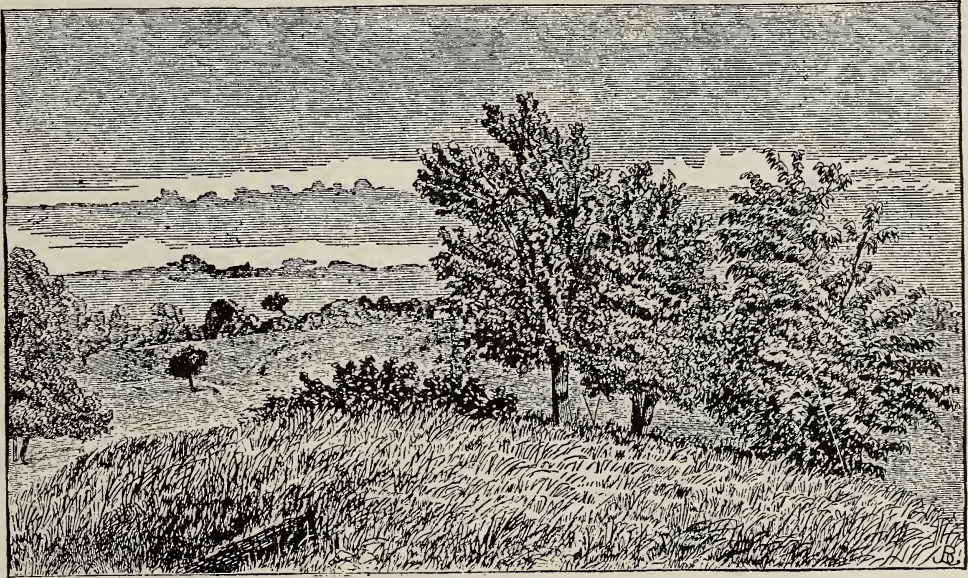
COMPILED BY H. F. BALDWIN.



ANY famous men were born and great events happened in the year 1809; and 1909 will witness the celebration of many centennials. In America will be celebrated the centennial birthdays of Abraham Lincoln, the great leader of the people; Cyrus Hall McCormick, "who did more for the cause of agriculture than any living man," not only in America, but the world over; Oliver Wendell Holmes,

Germany will pay centennial tribute to the birthday of one of her greatest musicians and composers, Felix Mendelssohn. 1809 gave to England the eminent biologist, Charles Darwin; Alfred Tennyson and Elizabeth Barrett Browning, permanent stars in the firmament of literature, all of whose centennials will doubtless be fittingly observed.

Of all this brilliant galaxy of the Nineteenth Century, of the fruit of whose labors we are today the heirs,



(*) SITE OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN'S BIRTHPLACE.

the genial "Autocrat of the Breakfast Table"; Edgar Allan Poe, weird poet and romanticist. 1909 also marks the centennial of Robert Fulton's successful application of steam as a motive power, revolutionizing transportation methods, and rendering possible the development of the then almost unknown great territory west of the Allegheny Mountains. 1909 is also the centenary of Hendrick Hudson's exploration of the Hudson River, which opened up a vast new field to English immigration, and which will be celebrated in magnificent manner the latter part of the summer.

none touched such depths, reached such heights, or came so close to the heart of the people as did Abraham Lincoln. The beginning of his life was so simple, so poor; the end so sad but so glorious, and still—"his soul goes marching on."

Here is the autobiography of President Lincoln, written in 1849, for the "Dictionary of Congress," then in process of compilation:

"Born February 12, 1809, in Harden County, Kentucky. Education defective. Profession, lawyer. Have been a captain of volunteers in the Black Hawk war. Postmaster at a very small office. Four times a member of the

**Portraits on this and the following pages are from old engravings, reproduced by permission from "How Abraham Lincoln became President," by J. McCann Davis, Springfield, Ill.*

Illinois legislature. And was a member of the lower House of Congress."

Yours, etc.

LINCOLN.

In 1860, when the most prominent figures before the eyes of the American people; the most reviled, or, the one hope of the country, according to the political bias of the individual, he was approached with a request to amplify this biography, he replied, "It is a great piece of folly to attempt to make anything out of me or my early life. It can all be condensed in a single sentence, and that you will find in Gray's *Elegy*—*The short and simple annals of the poor.*

animals of the woods. His childhood was primitive, and left its imprint on his entire life, for primitive he remained throughout his varied and eventful career.

When Abraham was seven years old, the family moved to Indiana, where another cabin, ruder still, as it left one side open to the weather, was built, and a farm cleared. Child as he was, he said, of the Indiana farm, "An axe was put into my hands at once, and from that until my twenty-third year, I was almost constantly handling that most useful instrument."

About a year after their removal to Indiana, his mother died, and a year



(*) THE EMIGRATION FROM KENTUCKY.

That's my life, and that's all you or any one else can make of it."

The parents of Lincoln were poor pioneers. Their home in Kentucky was a small log cabin of the rudest construction, and in it Abraham Lincoln was born. The first seven years of his life were spent in Kentucky, his parents removing from one poor farm to another. Of his early childhood scarcely anything is known, as he never talked of it, even to his most intimate friends, and we can only picture a lonely little boy, roaming about the forest surrounding his cabin home, his head full of soft, unfledged dreams, his companions the trees and birds and little furry

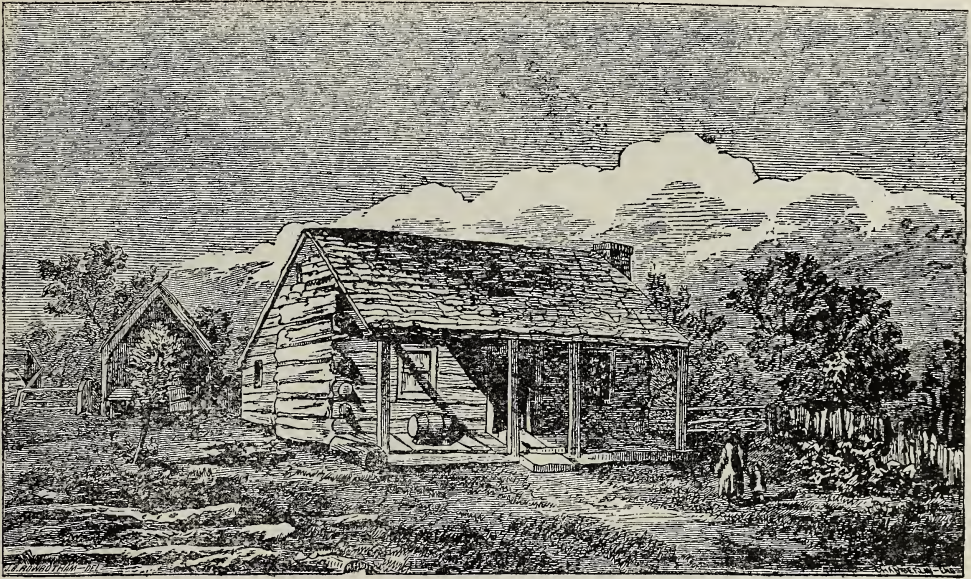
later, his father returned to Kentucky and brought back a second wife. Contrary to tradition, the advent of the stepmother marked the beginning of better days for Abraham, and his sister Sarah, two years older than he. The second Mrs. Lincoln was fairly well supplied with this world's goods when she came to the Indiana farm, moreover, she was an energetic manager, and stirred up the good-natured but shiftless Lincoln *pere*, with the result that the Lincoln children soon experienced more substantial comfort than they had ever known in all their lives before. She made no distinction between the little Lincolns and her own

children, and they were all well fed, comfortably clothed, and given the advantages of such rude schooling as could be obtained in that wild region.

Off and on, (more often off) Abraham Lincoln attended such schools as the wilderness afforded until his seventeenth year, receiving his instruction, as he said, "by littles," and the "aggregate of his schooling amounted in all to less than a twelve-month." Of that which goes toward the making of a man, however, Lincoln learned more in the "school of the axe" than tens of thousands of American boys who traverse

Macon County, Ill., on the north bank of the Sangamon River, about 10 miles west of Decatur. The winter of their arrival was known in the history of the State as the "winter of the great snow." It was the same old story of hardship and poverty endured in Kentucky and Indiana, with fever and ague thrown in. A year later, in March, 1831, Lincoln, then 22 years of age, left his father's cabin to seek his fortune.

His first independent venture was another trip to the South by flat-boat. He was to meet the owner of the boat



(*) THE LINCOLN CABIN NEAR GENTRYVILLE, IND.

the entire curriculum, from kindergarten to college.

The routine of the Indiana farm was broken once, when in company with the son of the chief man of the little village which had grown up near his home (Gentryville) he took a flat-boat loaded with produce, down the Ohio and Mississippi Rivers to the "sugar coast," receiving for his services \$8.00 per month, and return passage on a steamboat. This was his first outlook into the world, and for the first time he came into contact with slavery, witnessing a slave auction.

** In 1830, his father, still possessed by the pioneer *wanderlust*, again immigrated westward to found a new home in

at Springfield, and together with John Johnston, his step-mother's son, and John Hanks, a relative of his mother, who were to accompany him on the trip, he bought a canoe and in it floated down the Sangamon River into Springfield, making thus his first entry into the town with which his name and fame has since been indissolubly linked.

The trip to New Orleans was accomplished in safety, and Lincoln returned by steamboat to St. Louis, thence by foot to New Salem, where the owner of the boat, pleased with the result of the trip, hired him as clerk in his general merchandise store. His mercantile duties do not seem to have been arduous, for in addition to measuring calico and

weighing groceries, the care of a mill belonging to his employer, devolved upon him, and he likewise found time occasionally to return to his old employment of felling trees and splitting rails. These varied duties did not wholly occupy his mind, and having made the acquaintance of Mentor Graham, the school-master of New Salem, he confided to him his wish to study English grammar. Graham told him this would be easy, if he had a book, but he did not believe there was a single grammar in New Salem, but thought he could get one in Vaner, a town six miles away. The first thing

Lincoln's entrance into politics was by the same devious route upon which he launched his first independent venture into the world—the Sangamon River. The roads around Springfield were, (and many of them are yet) practically impassible during the winter months. The Sangamon was a shallow, devious and uncertain creek, choked with drift and sand-bars, but as in all newly settled communities, the waterways afford the readiest and quickest means of intercourse and transportation, the settlers of Sangamon County thought if the channel of this stream could be cleared and somewhat straight-



(*) THE LINCOLN HOME IN THE SANGAMON BOTTOM, ILL.

after breakfast the next morning Lincoln walked to Vaner, procured the precious volume, and returned with it in triumph, and with Graham's help, soon mastered its intricacies.

Although uneventful, these were perhaps the happiest days of Lincoln's life. He had varied employment, was acquiring the education he so much desired, made many friends and laid the foundation for that accurate judgment of character which served him in such good stead later, for after all, human nature was much the same in New Salem as in Washington, and the corner-grocery politician harder to convince than the most astute senator or diplomat.

ened, it would afford them an outlet through the Illinois River to the Mississippi, thence to the world at large. Although but 23 years of age, Lincoln decided to be a candidate for member of the Illinois legislature, and the principal plank in his platform was "Internal Improvements," meaning the improvement of the Sangamon River.

A few weeks after the announcement of his candidacy, Black Hawk, Chief of the Sac Indians, was reported to be heading an expedition to cross the Mississippi, and re-take the land in Illinois that had belonged to his people. There was great excitement among the Sangamon settlers, and the Governor

issued a call for 600 volunteers, to meet the threatened Indian uprising.

Leaving his campaign to take care of itself, Lincoln was the first to volunteer, and to his surprise, was elected captain of the company. His soldiering lasted but three months, and he was in no battle, but in the rough life of the camp he endeared himself to the men, and on his return to New Salem was enthusiastically welcomed. There were, however, thirteen candidates in the field, and Lincoln was defeated.

Misfortunes never come singly—the man for whom he clerked had become discouraged, and sold out to Lincoln and another man by the name of Berry,

This ended his career as a merchant, but it decided his future. Prior to his mercantile experience, he had been undecided whether to become a blacksmith or a lawyer. While his store was running down hill, he had abundant leisure, which he employed in reading such law books as came in his way, and when the final crash came, that seemed the one gateway open to him. He had also been post-master of New Salem, (although the office was so small it had no abiding place, and he is said to have carried the mail around in his hat) which office threw into his hands a considerable amount of current periodical literature, which kept alive his



LINCOLN'S RESIDENCE IN SPRINGFIELD, ILL.

taking their promissory notes in payment. The new firm bought out two other merchants, also on credit, and shortly sold out the whole concern, still on credit, to Trent Bros., who disposed of the goods, closed the store and ran away. Berry died, and all the notes came back to Lincoln for payment, when he had not a dollar in the world. His creditors, however, trusted him, and their trust was justified, for he paid back every cent, with interest, but no one knew the struggle it cost him, and it was seventeen years before he cleared off the last of these debts, the last installment being paid after his return from his term in Congress at Washington.

interest in State and Federal politics.

His next employment as an assistant surveyor of Sangamon County, although he was not too proud to accept any honorable employment, and earned many honest pennies by hard work in the harvest field.

In 1834, two years after his defeat, Lincoln was elected to the Illinois legislature, and was re-elected in 1836, 1838, and 1840. In one of his legislative campaigns, friends made up a fund of \$200.00 for his personal expenses. After the election he returned to them \$199.25, explaining that he had to pay some farm hands, otherwise his campaign had cost nothing. He entered

upon his Congressional career wearing a "decent suit of blue jeans" and was known as a "quiet young man, good-natured and sensible."

In 1836 Lincoln obtained a license to practice law, and removed to Springfield, riding into the town on a borrowed horse, all his worldly possessions packed in a pair of saddle-bags, without a week's board in his pockets. Notwithstanding this, so great was his personality that he was again elected to the legislature, moved in the best society of Springfield, and was one of the most popular and sought-for men of the town.

At this time his social life begun. Much has been written of his various sweethearts and his marriage, but there is no doubt a great deal of this is apochryphal. His ideal and standard of womanhood was based on his beloved mother and noble step-mother, and it is doubtful if any woman he met in later life ever came up to it. His marriage could not have been congenial, for his wife had great personal ambition while he had none, but he was too busy, and of too optimistic a nature to brood over any failure, financial, political or matrimonial, and if he failed to find connubial solace, the love and companionship of his sons, in a great measure, filled and satisfied the domestic side of his nature, for the record of his life in Springfield is replete with anecdotes of the good comradeship which existed between him and his boys and their little playmates.

In 1846, he was elected to the Thirtieth Congress, being the only Whig member from Illinois, all his colleagues being Democrats. During the first session of his term he made three speeches, and wrote his law partner, Mr. Herndon, "I find speaking here and elsewhere about the same thing. I was about as badly scared, and no worse, as I was when I speak in court."

During his second year, he prepared a bill for the "Purchase and Freeing of all slaves in the District of Columbia," which had for its purpose the purchase and freeing of all the older slaves in the District by the Federal Government, and the apprenticing of the younger ones for a term of years until they became self-supporting, then

giving them their freedom. The measure was too wise and just, however, to suit either party, and it was never allowed to come to a vote, but it is interesting, as indicating the real attitude of Lincoln on the slavery question, and had his hand not been forced, his solution of the difficulty, without recourse to arms or blood-shed.

In 1848 Lincoln took an active part in the successful campaign of General Zachary Taylor, although his term in Congress ended March 4th, 1849, the day General Taylor was inaugurated. General Taylor offered him the Governorship of the new Territory of Oregon, which attracted him strongly, but which he declined, on account of the refusal of his wife to go so far away to live.

For the next five years Lincoln remained quietly in Springfield, practicing law, losing, apparently, his former interest in politics, but in 1854 he roused, as though at the sound of a trumpet call, upon the repeal of the "Missouri Compromise," a law passed in 1820, permitting Missouri to enter the Union as a slave State, but prohibiting slavery in all other States north of the southern boundary line of Missouri.

The champion of this repeal was Stephen A. Douglas, long time a neighbor of Lincoln's in Illinois, who had his heart set on the Presidency of the United States, and who saw, in advocating this appeal, a chance of gaining the vote of the "solid south." Douglas was then U. S. Senator from Illinois. Lincoln made such a powerful speech against the repeal, it startled Douglas, who, it is said, went to Lincoln privately, with a proposition that neither of them should address a public meeting until after the election was over, which proposition, however, was declined.

This was the beginning of a split in both parties. Keeping its old name, the Democratic party favored slavery, while the Northern Whigs, and such Democrats as opposed slavery, joined hands, and out of this coalition was born the Republican party, which took final shape in 1856, two years later.

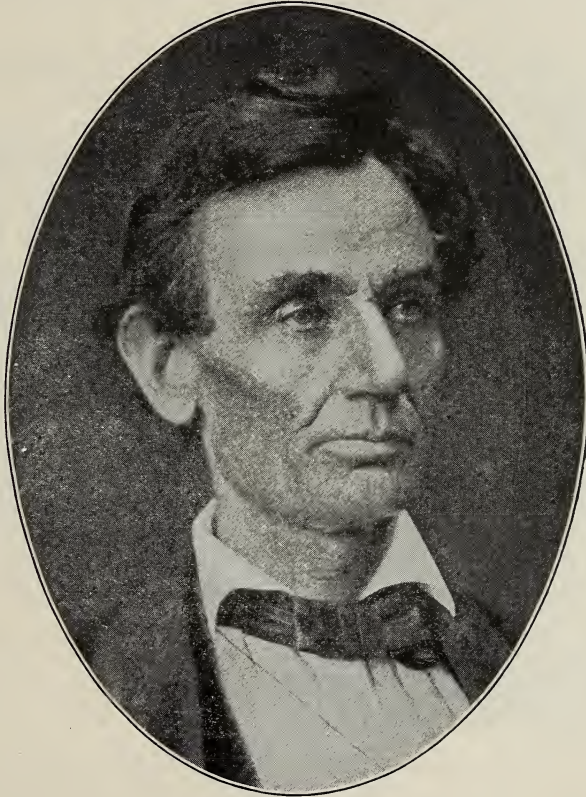
When Douglas was a candidate for re-election in 1858, the Republican party had gained such strength throughout the North as to render the issue

doubtful. Illinois became the storm-center of politics of the nation, and it was during this campaign the famous Lincoln-Douglas debates were held. It was agreed, though unwillingly on Douglas' part, that the two men were to address the same meetings in seven Illinois towns, in the order named: Ottawa, Freeport, Jonesboro, Galesburg, Quincy, Charleston and Alton, three of these towns being considered Democratic strongholds, three Republican, one neutral.

The result of these debates meant failure and success to Abraham Lincoln. Douglas was re-elected to the Senate.

The South had made their declaration of secession from the Union in case slavery was not made lawful in all of the States, or in case a "Black Republican" should be elected President. The logical Republican candidate was Wm. H. Seward, U. S. Senator from New York. There was a split between the Northern and Southern Democrats, the former nominating Stephen A. Douglas, the latter, John C. Breckenridge.

At first, unmentioned, then, a whispered possibility, later a possible probability, Lincoln entered the race for the Republican nomination a very



LINCOLN IN 1860.

but from an obscure Illinois lawyer, whose name was not known beyond the borders of his own State, Lincoln became a national figure, and three days after the election, a mass meeting was held in Mansfield, O., where resolutions were adopted favoring Lincoln's nomination for President in 1860.

During the next two years events came crowding thick and fast. The most momentous Presidential election of the United States was drawing near. Slavery was the absorbing topic, and on their stand on this question the Presidential candidates were to be chosen.

"dark horse" indeed, but toward the finish to become a veritable *bete noir* to Mr. Seward.

The Republican Convention convened in the "Wigwam," in Chicago, May 16th, 1860. The first two days were given over to routine business, on the third day the candidates were briefly nominated, and the balloting began.

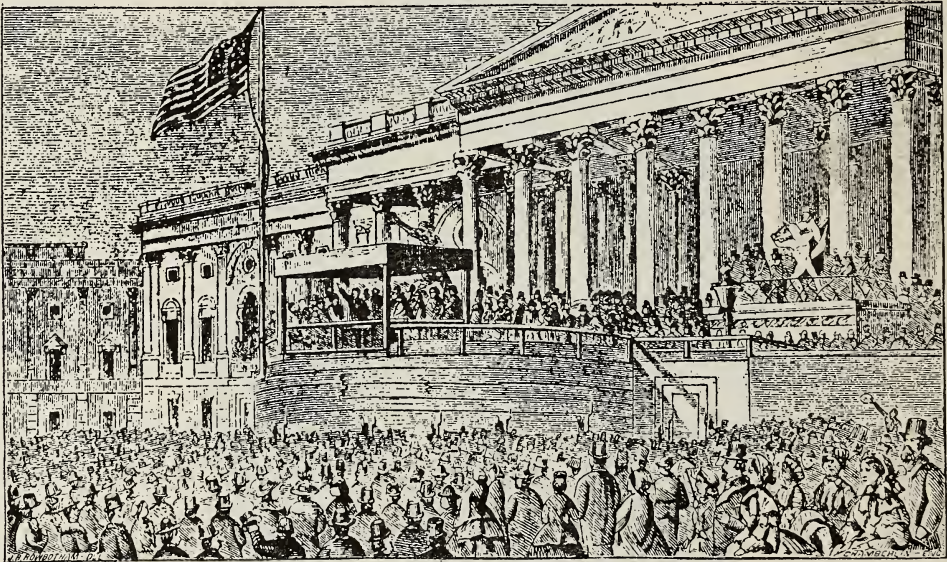
The first ballot resulted 173½ for Seward; 102 for Lincoln; 189½ to other candidates.

There being no choice, the second ballot proceeded, and resulted: Seward 184½; Lincoln 181.

The third ballot was taken amidst such breathless silence as could be felt. Lincoln 230½ votes, was the result of the roll call of States—within 1½ of the number of votes necessary to nominate him. Before the total vote could be announced, a representative from Ohio was on his feet, and corrected the Ohio vote, giving Lincoln four more votes, 2½ more than required to nominate him. Immediately State after State changed its vote, and the final result of the third ballot was announced; Lincoln 354, Seward 110½.

From his former defeats Lincoln had wrung success; from this signal triumph he achieved—martyrdom. Could even his courageous soul have foreseen what lay between this triumphant 18th of

of surrounding himself by his friends, he selected his most powerful rivals in the Republican party. To quote his own words, "A man has not time to spend half his life in quarrels. If a man ceases to attack me, I never remember the past against him." His Cabinet consisted of the following: Wm. H. Seward, of New York, Secretary of State; Salmon P. Chase, of Ohio, Secretary of the Treasury; Simon Cameron, of Pennsylvania, Secretary of War; Edward Bates, of Missouri, Attorney-General. All of these men's names had been before the Republican Convention, and each of them had hoped to be President in his place. The other three members of his Cabinet were Gideon Wells, of Connecticut, Secretary



(*) LINCOLN'S FIRST INAUGURATION, MARCH 4, 1861.

May, 1860, and the fateful 14th of April, 1865, which ended in the triumph of the "rider on the pale horse," even it must have quailed.

The campaign which followed his nomination was in the nature of things a spirited and eventful one, in which the "fence rail" took a prominent part, as badges for Lincoln Clubs, and in the cartoons of the day, and as a background to it, the clouds of secession kept rolling up blacker and blacker, and closer and closer to the Capital.

As soon as his election was announced, Lincoln was ready to announce the names of the members of his Cabinet, and at no point in his career did he demonstrate his greatness or his ability to overlook personal animosities in the interest of the public good, than in the selection of the Cabinet. Instead

of the Navy; Montgomery Blair, of Maryland, Postmaster-General; Caleb B. Smith, of Indiana, Secretary of the Interior.

Many threats were made against Mr. Lincoln's life, and the journey from Springfield to Washington, on the occasion of his inauguration, was fraught with danger all along the line. The officials of the railroads over which the special train passed, bearing its distinguished passenger to the National Capital, neither ate, slept nor drew a long breath, until the journey was completed.

The trip was safely accomplished, however, and on March 4th, 1861, President Buchanan and Citizen Lincoln rode side by side in an open carriage from the White House to the Capitol, where at noon, Lincoln read

his inaugural address from the east portico, and received the oath of office from Chief Justice Taney. President Lincoln and Citizen Buchanan then drove from the Capitol to the White House, where Mr. Buchanan congratulated the new President, and wished him personal happiness, and peace and prosperity for the Nation.

These good wishes must have sounded rather hollow in President Lincoln's ears, since President Buchanan's timidity and lack of spirit had contributed much towards bringing about the chaotic state of national affairs which greeted President Lincoln upon his inauguration.

The record of the next four years is a part of the history of the United States of America, rather than that of an individual, although Lincoln might well have paraphrased the saying of *Le Grand Monarque*, and said, "*Les Etats Unis, c'est moi*," for no other man could have accomplished what he did in holding together so vast a country as this, stretching from the banks of the Potomac to the borders of the Rio Grande, torn and rent asunder by such terrific internecine dissension. As Emerson said of him, "The new pilot was hurried to the helm in a tornado."

And then—when peace and prosperity was about to dawn on the blood-drenched and powder-stained people, when—

"The ship is anchor'd safe and sound,
its voyage closed and done,
From fearful trip the victor ship comes
in with object won;"

came that swift and sudden ending, which closed forever the shrewd gray eyes that had flashed with indignant patriotism, twinkled with mirth, or overflowed with tenderness; hushed forever the voice that had always been raised for honesty, loyalty and singleness of purpose; paralyzed, the arm that had been strong to smite the nation's foes, but quick and ready to gather the stricken, "as a hen gathereth its chickens" under its protecting care.

Four years before, a special train had borne the President-elect from Springfield to Washington, almost secretly, every foot of the way covered by every

safe-guard which could be thrown around it, and the railway officials had waited with almost bated breath for every telegraphic report announcing its safe passage. Now another special train returned over the same route, draped in sombre trappings, likewise guarded by a troop of soldiers—this time, a guard of honor, not to ensure the safety of the chief occupant, upon whose cold clay the hand of man had already wreaked its vengeance.

In the cities through which the former train had sped silently and swiftly, under



LINCOLN'S TOMB, SPRINGFIELD, ILL.

the careful eyes of watchful guardians, this black-draped train stopped, and to the mournful sound of muffled drums and solemn dirges, a Nation took its farewell of its hero.

Back to the prairie town were carried the ashes of him who had come from thence bearing only the title of "An Honest Man," who in the short span of four years, had made his mark, not on a nation, not on the world, but upon all time to come.

LINCOLN'S FAVORITE POEM.

In response to many requests for the publication of Lincoln's favorite poem, "O Why Should the Spirit of Mortal Be Proud," it is here given. Its authorship has been attributed to various persons, but the claims of William Knox, a Scotchman, born in Roxburg in 1789, died November 12, 1825, are recognized as the most valid.

O, why should the spirit of mortal be proud?
Like a swift-fleeting meteor, a fast-flying cloud,
A flash of the lightning, a break of the wave,
He passeth from life to rest in the grave.

The leaves of the oak and the willow shall fade,
Be scattered around, and together be laid;
As the young and the old, the low and the high,
Shall crumble to dust and together shall lie.

The infant a mother attended and loved,
The mother that infant's affection who proved,
The father that mother and infant who blest—
Each all, are away to that dwelling of rest.

The maid on whose brow on whose cheek, in whose eye,
Shone beauty and pleasure—her triumphs are by;
And alike from the minds of the living erased
Are the memories of mortals who loved her and praised.

The head of the king, that the scepter hath borne;
The brow of the priest, that the mitre hath worn;
The eye of the sage, and the heart of the brave,
Are hidden and lost in the depths of the grave.

The peasant, whose lot was to sow and to reap;
The herdsman, who climbed with his goats up the steep;
The beggar, who wandered in search of his bread—
Have faded away like the grass that we tread.

So the multitude goes, like the flower or weed,
That withers away to let others succeed;
So the multitude comes, even those we behold,
To repeat every tale that has often been told.

For we are the same our fathers have been;
We see the same sights our fathers have seen;
We drink the same stream, we see the same sun,
And run the same course our fathers have run.

The thoughts we are thinking our fathers did think;
From the death we are shrinking our fathers did shrink;
To the life we are clinging our fathers did cling,
But it speeds from us all like the bird on the wing.

They loved—but the story we cannot unfold;
They scorned—but the heart of the haughty is cold;
They grieved—but no wail from their slumbers will come;
They joyed—but the tongue of their gladness is dumb.

They died—ah! they died—we, things that are now,
That walk on the turf that lies over their brow,
And make in their dwelling a transient abode,
Meet the things that they met on their pilgrimage road.

Yea, hope and despondency, pleasures and pain.
Are mingled together in sunshine and rain;
And the smile and the tear, and the song and the dirge,
Still follow each other like surge upon surge

'Tis the wink of an eye; 'tis the draught of a breath,
From the blossom of health to the paleness of death,
From the gilded salon to the bier and the shroud
O, why should the spirit of mortal be proud?

SOME OF LINCOLN'S STORIES.

President Lincoln was especially noted for his ability to "point out a moral and adorn a tale" with a story. Many were doubtless accredited to him of which he never heard, but no reference to him is complete without quoting some of the stories with which he drove home some of his most pertinent points. Many of the following have been collected from the Springfield, Ill., newspapers, gathered from his old friends and neighbors, who remembered many of his droll anecdotes.—EDITORS' NOTE.

President Lincoln in trying to fix the responsibility for the loss of Harper's Ferry, captured by General Lee, summoned General Halleck before him. Halleck could not place the blame. "Very well," said Lincoln, "I'll ask General Schenck." Schenck assured the President that he was not to blame, but could not say who was. So the President called Milroy, with the same result. Hooker, who was next summoned, pleaded "not guilty" like the others. President Lincoln then called all the four generals together before him, and said "Gentlemen, Harper's Ferry was surrendered and none of you, it seems, is responsible. I am very anxious to discover who is." The President strode across the room several times with bowed head, while all was silent. Raising his head suddenly he exclaimed: "I have it! I know who is responsible." "Who, Mr. President? Who is it?" anxiously asked the quartet. "Gentlemen," said President Lincoln, "General Lee is the man."

Lincoln was oft besieged by office seekers asking for political appointments when there was none to give. When he had the smallpox in the White House, that edifice was comparatively isolated. No one would come near him nor the President's mansion. It gave Lincoln a needed respite, although he said:

"Is it not too bad that now, while I have something to give to everybody, no one comes near me."

One time when a young European received from the President his lieutenant's commission in the Northern Army he assured Mr. Lincoln that he belonged to the oldest nobility of his native country. "Never mind that," said Lincoln, "it will not be an obstacle to your advancement."

An Englishman said to Lincoln: "Why, no gentleman in England blacks his own boots, you know." "Pshaw," replied Lincoln, "whose boots do they black?"

LINCOLN'S PROFESSIONAL CARD.

Some time ago Mr. Oldroyd added to his collection one of Mr. Lincoln's professional cards. This card is printed on a medium-sized piece of stiff paper and reads as follows:

A. LINCOLN,

Attorney and Counsellor at Law.

To Whom it May Concern:

My old customers and others are no doubt aware of the terrible time I have had in crossing the stream, and will be glad to know I will be back on the same side from which I started on or before the 4th of March next, when I will be ready to Swap Horses, Dispense Law, Make Jokes, Split Rails, and perform other matters in a small way.

An instance of Lincoln's ready wit is related by a fellow attorney. This man being somewhat of an athlete, engaged in a friendly wrestling match on the court house lawn one morning before court was called. In the scuffle he tore a bad rent in his trousers and was unable to have it repaired before being called on to address the jury. The tear showed very plainly beneath his rather short coat, and was the subject of jocular comment by the other attorneys, each of whom started a subscription paper for the purpose of raising funds with which to buy a new pair of trousers for the unfortunate man. Each of the attorneys present subscribed to some ridiculous sum. When the subscription paper reached Mr. Lincoln, he glanced at the writing and then at the unfortunate attorney, and wrote at once. "I can contribute nothing to the end in view."

MUCH NOISE, GOOD SIGN.

During the war a certain telegram was handed Lincoln, which stated that heavy firing was heard in the direction of Knoxville, at which Lincoln expressed considerable gratification.

"I'm glad to hear that," he said.

Some of those around him, remembering that heavy firing in the direction of Knoxville probably meant a good deal of peril to Burnside, asked him why he said he was glad.

"Well," replied Lincoln, "it reminds me of a good neighbor of mine, Mrs. Sallie Ward. She had a very large family, but whenever she heard one of her numerous progeny crying she would invariably say, 'Thank goodness, there's one of my children that isn't dead yet.'"

LINCOLN'S "HOSS" TRADE.

When Lincoln was practicing law in Illinois, he agreed with a certain judge that they should make a horse trade at 9 o'clock the next morning, neither to see the other's horse until the time of the trade, and the one who backed out to lose \$25.

The Judge was on time, leading the sorriest-looking nag ever seen in those parts. In a few minutes Lincoln arrived, carrying a wooden saw-horse on his shoulder. The crowd laughed uproariously, but it was nothing to the din that went up when Lincoln set down his saw-horse, walked solemnly around the sorry nag of the Judge, and exclaimed pathetically, "Well, Judge, that is the first time I ever got the worst of it in a horse trade!"

A preacher said to Lincoln, during the Civil War: "I hope the Lord is on our side." Lincoln said: "I am not at all concerned about that, for I know the Lord is always on the side of the right. But it is my constant anxiety and prayer that I and this nation should be on the Lord's side."

A QUIET TRIP ABROAD.

CLARA V. GIESE.

At this season of the year when so many busy women are planning their summer vacations, many of them anticipating a trip abroad, possibly their first, the following diary, faithfully kept, by one of a party of three ladies who spent last summer in Germany, will be of interest, also of service in outlining an itinerary and estimating expenses.—EDITOR'S NOTE.

June 24th.—Another hot day, and the heat seemed more intense on the dock, which was crowded with people who had come to wish their friends "*Bon Voyage*." So many were disappointed, as they had hoped to be able to go aboard the "*Main*," but this was denied visitors. It was very exciting when the tug drew us out into the channel at 2:00 P. M., flags floating all over the masts of the ship, the band playing and people calling goodbye, cheering and waving. When we were well under way, found letters from our dear ones in the dining salon, which were answered by postals, which the pilot took with him on his return to the shore, as he left the boat when we were in the open sea. We secured our places at the table from the head steward; engaged steamer chairs and told the deck steward to place them on the awning deck, and arranged with the bath stewardess for bath hours.

June 25th.—The bugle-call aroused us at 7:00 A. M., and is sounded a half hour before, also at meal time. Breakfast at 7:30, Luncheon at 11:30 and Dinner at 5:30. At 10:00 A. M., the deck-steward served bouillon and sandwiches on deck, and at 3:00 afternoon coffee is served.

The Turners, who are going to a Turnfest in Frankfort, were exercising on the lower deck. After luncheon, we received permission to visit the steerage, and felt so sorry for the poor people who have to travel that way. There were 65 so unfortunate, but on the previous trip there had been 2600. One man had been overcome with the heat and was in the hospital.

Every four hours, one of the sailors threw a rope bucket to test the temperature of the water. This is done every four hours, in order to avoid ice floes which we might encounter, as we are traveling north. Concerts are given in the morning on deck and in the evening in the salon, by the stewards.

June 26th.—A rainy day, but our chairs are under the awning so we remained on deck. The rain ceased late in the afternoon, and in the evening we were up in the bow, watching the phosphorous in the water.

June 27.—Learned to play shuffle-board. Quoits is also played near by. In the evening, the Turners gave a dance on the forward deck, which was decorated with flags and colored lights.

June 28th.—At 7:00 A. M., the band played "*Ein feste Burg ist unser Gott*," (A Mighty Fortress is our God.) (Luther's song) At 10:00, went to services in the dining salon. A minister from Brooklyn preached, and a music teacher from New York, returning to Germany to live, played the hymns. As there were no hymn-books, the minister read a line and then the congregation sang it, and then another line was read and sang. In the evening, we sighted two steamers, and the boats signalled one another all night.

June 29th.—Saw a class of girls exercising and thought their new dancing steps were very graceful. The sea commenced to show white caps and a number of people disappeared, as they felt the motion of the boat, which rocked all night.

June 30th.—A pretty sight to see the waves dash against the steamer and break into spray. A number of the people still confined to their rooms.

July 1st.—We are enjoying the rest, as that is all we do. Reading and conversation occupies part of the time, but some times we feel too lazy for that.

July 2nd.—Another rainy day, with a strong wind, causing us to feel almost frozen, but the Captain came along and tried to hunt us a sheltered corner. Could not stay on deck as it turned so cold, so we investigated the lower part of the boat. Saw the bakery, meat, supply room, engine room and trunk room. Had to go down four flights of stairs backward to the engine room.

The rails were so greasy, we were glad to wipe our hands on some cotton waste one of the engineers gave us. Heard the "Main" is 101 feet long, and has four engines on each side. Interesting to see how a ship is run.

July 3rd.—So glad to see the sun shine, so we can sit on deck. Went to the bow where we saw a school of porpoises, sea serpent, jelly-fish and sea-weed. Were told that porpoises were usually seen before a storm, but the sea is as smooth as glass today.

A ball is to be given on the forward deck tonight, instead of on the 4th, as we will then be in the channel and the signals could not be seen if there were so many lights. The deck is decorated with colored lights, flags and bunting. The ball lasted until midnight.

July 4th.—Was awakened by hearing the "Star Spangled Banner" played by the band. Surprised on going to breakfast to see a small flag and program with the events of the day on it, at each plate. At 8:00 the flags were raised, and exercises held on the forward deck, commencing at 9:30, when the band played "My Country 'tis of Thee," which every one sang with vim. The Captain spoke a few words in German, and introduced a Judge from Milwaukee, who gave a patriotic address. A male chorus which has been formed on the boat, and which will sing at the Turnfest, followed with a song in German, "*Der Junge Rhein*," (The Young Rhine), then an address by a gentleman from Boston, referring to the Turners and the Germans who had settled in America, saying that one-third of the Union soldiers had been German-Americans. The "Star Spangled Banner" closed the exercises.

At 11:00 A. M., the Sicilly Islands were sighted and everyone was anxious to get a view. At 11:50 passed a boat called "Seven Stones", which marks the entrance to the English Channel. Landseid, with its chalky cliffs next hove in sight. At 2:00 P. M. passed Cape Lizard, where the green grass, hedges, light-house and a number of houses were seen. Signal was sent from the steamer to the station, and telegraphed on to Bremen. Passed a number of boats, but at 4:00 o'clock a dense fog set in and the gruesome and mournful fog-horn commenced,

and continued until 11:00 P. M. The Turners gave an exhibition from 4:00 to 5:00.

The dining room was gaily decorated for dinner. A little house made of cake was on each table and special menu cards at each plate. Each course was named after an American President, the roast beef bearing Roosevelt's name, and having a "big stick" served with it. After five courses were served, all of the lights were extinguished, and while the band played the "Star Spangled Banner" the fifty stewards paraded through the room, carrying Japanese lanterns and the little cake houses lighted with candles. It was "a la Taft," a beautiful sight and a great surprise.

During the fog our steamer almost ran into another vessel, grazing her bow, but our boat was hastily reversed, but we had a narrow escape.

July 5th.—Was awakened by hearing the band play "Nun danket alle Gott," (Now all thank the Lord) which we all echoed in our hearts. Passed the Isle of Wight, Tennyson's old home, then the chalky hills of Sussex and Eastbourne, a fashionable summer resort. The Mortello towers, erected during Napoleon's time to protect the country as it was feared he would land in England, were to be seen in the distance. Also saw the battle field of Hastings on the hill, and a light-house on Dungeness nest, (Pronounced Dung's). The white puffy cliffs at Folkestone are called the "White Ladies of Folkestone." The ancient ruins at that place are called Caesar's Camp. Shakespeare wrote one of his sonnets on the last one of these points. The coast of France was barely visible on the other side, a mere hazy line. Dover, with its white cliffs, St. Margaret's another summer resort, and a number of warships near the east coast were the last sights of Old England. "South Goodwin," a boat, marks the end of the channel. This is near the Sands of Goodwin, where Caesar landed. At 1:00 P. M., no land was in sight, as we were in the North Sea, with its cold north winds. Watched the sun set at 8:00, one of the most beautiful pictures I have ever seen.

July 6th.—The horn awakened us an hour earlier today, as we gained an hour

going eastward, and a half hour each previous day. Great excitement as every one was packing. At 10:30 A. M., the pilot came on board. Saw a number of boats and some light houses and reefs, and then the well kept green fields and low flat country with the windmills. The band commenced to play as we neared the shore.

Bremerhaven is really a ship yard. as most of the city belongs to the steamship company. A crowd of people with a band playing were waiting to receive the Turners. The Captain and other officers bade the passengers goodbye as they left the ship. We had an exciting time in the Custom House having baggage examined. One woman was indignant because she had to pay duty on some candy and small boxes of cakes in her trunk.

The special train left at 4:00 P. M., and arrived at Bremen an hour later. Lillie and her three boys met us at Bremerhaven, and her niece, Frieda, was at the station in Bremen and insisted on taking us to their home. We checked our grips in the station for two and one half cents each, and had to pay two and one half cents or ten pfennings, to ride in the street car. The street car conductor gives you a receipt similar to our transfers, and occasionally an inspector asks to see the receipt. A sign in the car read that there were twenty seats. Six persons are allowed to stand on the front platform and eight on the rear. When this number is aboard, a sign "*Besetzt*" (occupied) is

hung on the front of the car, and it does not stop at any halting place for any more people. One cannot board a car at any corner, only where there is a sign "*Haltestelle*." (Stopping place).

We found our new relatives lived on the fourth floor of an apartment house, with no elevator. The porcelain stoves are very odd and clumsy looking affair, the tile part reaching to the ceiling. A sofa is seen in every sitting room, with a table before it. The guests of honor are asked to sit on the sofa. Shortly after our arrival, the table was pulled apart and supper was served. Most of the floors are polished or covered with linoleum, with a small rug under the table.

We left Bremen at 8:26 P. M., after having had our baggage weighed, as it is not carried free, but the rate is not high, as we were charged sixty pfennings. An underground passage leads to the stairway, each track having its own stairs, and no one is allowed to cross a track. We arrived at Virden at 9:00 P. M., and were surprised to see that it was not yet dark. We had to give our tickets to a gateman before we were allowed to enter the station, where our friends met us, and a wagonette was in waiting in which we were driven to the little inn where we left our hand-baggage, and then went on to our cousin's where a cold lunch was awaiting us, to which we were too tired to do justice, and left a little later, going through the "*Wall*" or promenade, to the inn.

(To be continued.)

QUESTIONS.

I asked the rock beside the road what joy existence lent.

It answered, "For a million years my heart has been content."

I asked the truffle-seeking swine, as rooting by he went,

"What is the keynote of your life?" He grunted out "Content."

I asked a slave, who toiled and sang, just what his singing meant,

He plodded on his changeless way, and said "I am content."

I asked a plutocrat of greed, on what his thoughts were bent,

He chinked the silver in his purse, and said "I am content."

I asked the mighty forest tree from where its force was sent.

Its thousand branches spoke as one, and said, "From discontent."

I asked the message speeding on, by what great law was lent

God's secret from the waves of space. It said, "From discontent."

I asked the marble, where the works of God and man were blent,

What brought the statue from the block. It answered, "Discontent."

I asked an Angel, looking down on earth with gaze intent,

How man should rise to larger growth. Quoth he, "Through discontent."

—Chicago American.

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South-Western R.R.



CALENDAR-1909



JANUARY							FEBRUARY							MARCH							APRIL						
S	M	T	W	T	F	S	S	M	T	W	T	F	S	S	M	T	W	T	F	S	S	M	T	W	T	F	S
3	4	5	6	7	8	9	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	1	2	3	4	5	6	7
10	11	12	13	14	15	16	14	15	16	17	18	19	20	14	15	16	17	18	19	20	11	12	13	14	15	16	17
17	18	19	20	21	22	23	21	22	23	24	25	26	27	21	22	23	24	25	26	27	18	19	20	21	22	23	24
24	25	26	27	28	29	30	28	28	29	30	31	25	26	27	28	29	30	..
31
MAY							JUNE							JULY							AUGUST						
S	M	T	W	T	F	S	S	M	T	W	T	F	S	S	M	T	W	T	F	S	S	M	T	W	T	F	S
2	3	4	5	6	7	8	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	1	2	3	4	5	6	7
9	10	11	12	13	14	15	13	14	15	16	17	18	19	11	12	13	14	15	16	17	15	16	17	18	19	20	21
16	17	18	19	20	21	22	20	21	22	23	24	25	26	18	19	20	21	22	23	24	22	23	24	25	26	27	28
23	24	25	26	27	28	29	27	28	29	30	25	26	27	28	29	30	31	29	30	31
30	31	30
SEPTEMBER							OCTOBER							NOVEMBER							DECEMBER						
S	M	T	W	T	F	S	S	M	T	W	T	F	S	S	M	T	W	T	F	S	S	M	T	W	T	F	S
5	6	7	8	9	10	11	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	5	6	7	8	9	10	11
12	13	14	15	16	17	18	10	11	12	13	14	15	16	14	15	16	17	18	19	20	12	13	14	15	16	17	18
19	20	21	22	23	24	25	17	18	19	20	21	22	23	21	22	23	24	25	26	27	19	20	21	22	23	24	25
26	27	28	29	30	24	25	26	27	28	29	30	28	29	30	26	27	28	29	30	31	..

THE PICTURESQUE ROUTE

O.P. McCARTY,
GENERAL PASSENGER AGENT
CINCINNATI.

F.D. GILDERSLEEVE
ASST. GENL. PASSENGER AGT.
ST. LOUIS, MO.